



The Home Department

Conducted by
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My House Beside the Road

Homer's Ideal—"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the place of their selfish content;

There are souls like stars, that dwell apart

In a fellowless firmament;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran;

But let me live by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by;

The men that are good and the men that are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

"I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who faint with the strife, But I turn not away from their smiles or their tears,

Both parts of an infinite plan;

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

"I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,

And mountains of wearisome height,

And the road passes through the long afternoon,

And stretches away to the night, But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,

And weep with the strangers that moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of the road,

Like a man who dwells alone,

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by;

They are good; they are bad; they are weak; they are strong;

Wise, foolish, and so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man."

—S. W. Foss.

Thanksgiving Day

The subject is so well understood that it seems superfluous to repeat the significance of the observation of a day of general thanksgiving for the largess the year has brought to us; and because by this month, the fruits of the forest, field and garden are all harvested, the day is one that may be observed by all without interfering with the care of any crop. This is the festival of the home-comers, the re-union of friends and relatives, and we should strive to make of it indeed a day of gladness and thanksgiving. In gathering about us "our own," we should not forget those who are strangers, or far from their loved ones, or alone in the world. Of these, there are

not a few in every city, town or village, and many a heart aches with loneliness, making no visible sign. There are many young people who are far from home, and the holiday given them on this day, would be far happier, if they were allowed to work, for they would thus be among their kind, and the day would not seem so dreary. Many men and women, seemingly prosperous, with homes of their own, would be glad to share the plainest dinner with some friends, for the sake of the day, but they feel that more would be expected of them than they can give, if they were the entertainers, or, if entertained, that some return would be expected, which they could not make. Thus, people are kept apart through misunderstanding each other. What is it the Bible tells us about the "giving that enriches the giver?" Do we understand? Try to make some heart thankful today. The world is too chary of its tender thoughtfulness. Let us be thankful that we may offer the "cup" of water, and if we can put into the hand of some one starving for companionship, just a few crumbs of kindness, let us be glad to share with them our joys. Let this be truly a "Thanksgiving day."

Watching Over the Boys

It is well enough, in fact, absolutely necessary, that care should be taken of the girls, but there is the same necessity due to the boys, who are just now pouring their young life-blood into the dark streams of the city's business arteries. A prominent speaker said, in an address before a large city gathering, recently: "The most staggering fact that confronts the student of the criminal courts of our great cities is, that from 65 to 70 per cent of the criminals going through the courts are between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five years of age—the surest evidence that the city is not developing morally as rapidly as physically and mentally. One great reason for this is that the churches are not doing the work they ought for the young boys and men. * * * The very first blood to contract the great immoral contagion in the wicked city is in the veins of the boy who comes from the country, and who does not know what confronts him in the city's allurements." While this is true of the country youths of both sexes as regards the city, the country boy learns a great deal in his home environments, for there is evil and temptation in every environment. But a great deal of this may be overcome by providing for safeguards in the shape of proper associations and places of resort for the youth before the "young blood" seeks a pathway to the city. The churches can do a great deal in the country home, and the schools may contribute their share; but nothing but a knowledge of the wretched pitfalls will keep the young feet in the safe pathway. "The well-fed never steals bread," you know, and if the boy and girl are fed from the social table, and taught through the companionship to be found there, what life might be, they would not be so free, or so eager to rush into the dark places the cities so abundantly furnish. Give the boys and girls good social environments, and do not send them to the cities starved for companionship. See that you have places where both

young and old may meet socially and often.

"Thorns in the Flesh"

Many a warm-hearted, loving, sympathetic woman loses the love and respect of her husband by her untidy, careless housekeeping. Her house looks like a veritable "hurrah's nest," and nothing is ever in its place, or fit to use when found. No matter what she has, in the way of house-furnishing or garments, she is never ready for company, or to go out with her husband if he asks her to; if she does manage to toss on her garments, they look just like they had come out of the rag-bag, rumpled, unkempt, and untidy. Do you wonder that her husband is not proud to introduce her to his friends?

It is not the pretty gown you buy, or the trifle in the way of jewelry, that discourages your husband; most of men like to see their wives well-dressed and up-to-date, as it is a good advertisement for themselves, but it is the wastes in little things that make for neither comfort or convenience that really has an irritating effect on the nerves of the man who turns his earnings over to his family.

Aggravating delays in dressing are usually caused by some garment being minus a button, a broken button-hole, or detached buckle, or the failure to find some necessary article of the attire or toilet which has not found its way back to the owner's bureau. Nothing sends the breadwinner, man or woman, off to business so thoroughly out of temper as a hasty scramble for some article of attire, which is either missing entirely, or in such state of un-repair as to be unwearable and few things are more helpful factors in the harmony of the home than to find one's belongings in order, clean, and well-mended.

The woman who orders by telephone, postal or order boy, wastes about ten per cent of the money she pays out, as she has to take whatever the dealer sends her, and which is very often not what she wants, or would order, if she could see it herself. If one is at the counter, she can examine the goods; herself, and has no difficulty in telling which are the fresh, and which the stale goods.

Necessary Books

Recently, I told you to get a dictionary—a good, large one, and to use it. There are several other books that should be found, and used, in every family. One of these is an authoritative work on etiquette, and the family, from the oldest to the youngest, should study this book. Many a naturally refined boy or girl commits blunders in the social world which subjects him or her to ridicule, or humiliation, through the remarks of some tactless person. There are so many little things that "make a difference," and it is well to study these things around the family lamp, these long evenings, discussing the subjects with other members of the family.

Another one, which may not seem so necessary to those not having thought on the subject, is a good law-book, with clearly defined explanations of the rights which govern for the good of the community. A copy of the laws of the state, plainly written, will be very helpful in many ways, and every woman should have

a clear knowledge of her own property rights, at least. Many a woman is left, ignorant of all laws and alone, at the mercy of dishonest persons, and because of her ignorance and trustfulness, loses everything that may be left to her on the death of her husband, or other benefactor. Many husbands, seeking to spare their wives the burden of the management of their joint property, never explain to them the possibility of their having to handle their own property, in case of being left alone. Very few women know anything about the laws governing real estate, or personal belongings, and are thus, through their helpless ignorance, robbed right and left by dishonest workmen or sharpers.

Another book that will be of great value, if closely used, is a book dealing with the chemistry of foods and articles used in the household economics. Cookery, laundering, and general housework are all being put upon a scientific basis, and every one should seek to know something of them. The books will not cost so very much, and if read and studied in the family circle, will be of untold value.

For the Hands

You can not have pretty hands unless you care for them. Old gloves should have the finger-tips cut off, and kept in a place where they may be picked up at any time you have any rough, dirty work to do, which will admit of hand-covering. Old stocking tops make good mitts to wear about sweeping, dusting, handling the kitchen utensils, and in many ways about the housework, if a thumb is set in one side. For whitening and softening the hands,

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.